

THE
Poor Prisoners
LAMENTATION

For the Loss of

S—— B——,

Who so Plentifully Supplied them the time
 of his Sheriffalty, &c.

Implentur veteris Bacchi, pinguisque ferina, Virg.

OH Miserable! Miserable! Lamentation and Sorrow within our Gates of *Babylon*, and Howlings in the Tents of our Captivity; Sorrow for thee, Oh *B——*! the Support of our Lives by thy Bounteous Hospitality, or the end of our Sorrows at thy Triple Empire, by giving us a Passport into another World: And Happy were it for us, had we fallen thy Victims, when like Rams and Fatlings of *Bacon*, we were thus fitted for the Sacrifice. But now, Oh! Brethren and Fellow-Sufferers in Affliction, what Comfort is there in a Miserable Life, when there are no Crumbs of Comfort left for its support. Oh! for a Lucky Cast in the Box to purchase Three-penny Garter, and save the Hangman the Expence of a Halter; or else since Hanging is our Destiny, submit to the Mercy of the Rope, and Hang like men while we are in Case, and not like Shotten-Herrings, or Dried Eel-Skins, to the Scandal of the Gibbet, and all Metrapolitan Hangmen. For my part I can hold out no longer, least my Teeth for want of other Viſuals devour my Tongue within my Head, and spoil the Reading of my Neck-Verse.

Oh! Miserable as a Convict beyond all Hopes of a Reprieve: To what degrees of Torment are we destin'd, when even our Miseries which are already beyond Excess, admit yet of greater? It's not enough to be depriv'd of the Rights of a True *English* Subject, our dearly beloved Liberty, but must be Robb'd of our common Subſiſtance too? Is't not enough to have our Bodies Sequester'd from the World; but must our Mouths also be Excommunicated from the Basket? What signify Feet to walk, when we have no Room to turn us in; or Teeth to Eat, when we have no Viſuals to imploy them? Oh *B——*! *B——*! To what sort of Vile Vermin are we transported since thy Sheriffalty, by our Mortifications and long Penance? Who have
 not

not so much Pasture left to Chew the Cudd upon, as will prove the Creatures Clean Beasts. For so we were once esteemed before we entred the Ark of thy Dominions; and pity it is since thou art disposed, thou and thy Fellow *Catch*, was not allotted a place among us; for then the Beasts had entred by Couples, and poor Prisoners might fare the better for it; Since by that means we might once become Shæres of thy Bounty, and Surfeit upon the Scraps that come from thy Table. A Table which like the Widows Crust, Supplies whole Families daily with Oyl and Fatness, making glad the Heart of the dejected Captive, turning our Land of Bondage into a Paradise of Liberty, and our *Egyptian* Plagues of Want and Poverty, into a *Canaan* flowing with Milk and Honey, our Waters of Blood into Streams of Clarret, our Frogs into Pheasants; Lice and Flies, into Shrimps and Sprawns; the Murrain into Marmalet and Pickled Mushrooms; our Boils and Blains, into Bowls and Botles; our Hails, into Showres of Manchets, and our Locusts, into Cock-Lobsters. A Table, which like a new-Miracle, which from the Tail of a Red-Herring and two individual Sprats, can produce whole Shoals of Cod, Ling, Tench, Carp, Salmon, Sturgeon, all sorts of Fish from the Shrimp upwards to the great Leviathan, and send them Swimming in a rowling Sawse of Butter and Oyl to Feast the Hungry multitude. And from a Frugal Threepenny-Cut of Roast Beef, and a Halfpenny-Lod after he and his Men had plentifully Feasted, cou'd distribute Leggs, Wings, Necks and Rumps of Fat Goose, Capon and Pullet; whole Quarters of Mutton, Sirloyns of Beef, Gammons and *Westphalia* Ham, and send every day whole Baskets of the Fragments to feed the distressed Families of our Black Regions: Like the Prophet in the Desert, we were Fed by a Miracle; and while no man minded our Afflictions, the Progging Crows that Mumped for our Sustenance, fed us with large Coblerts from the Gleanings of the Carpet. Thou great *Ahasuerus* in Hospitality, and *Polypheme* in Loyalty! How have we Feasted on the Smell of thy Hampers, even to the forgetting of our Captivity? Sung and Danced to the Musick of our Chains, and our merry Boult kept time to the Rading of thy Marrow-Bones. And after all this Luxury and Feasting in the time of thy Shreiffalty, is much thou should preserve this Copper-Chain to be sent back to its proper Owner, or five Marks in thy Pocket when thou wast Cast, to discharge the Injur'd Waterman?

This Oh *B—!!* this unparallel'd example of extraordinary Munificence, and singular Generosity, shall exalt thee above all thy Starving Brethren, make thee Sacred amongst the Mumpers, and Happy above Misers. Thy Loyalty Oh *B—!!* and Hospitality, shall survive thy Reforming the Church and Government; since to preserve a poor Prisoner, is better then to Hang a Subject; and the Carving of a Capon, safer then the Beheading of a King. This I say, thy Extraordinary Bounty will Record thee to Posterity, and leave thy Name Mighty in the Annalls of Fame, beyond thy raising of Hospitals, or Building of Churches; since all the rest of thy Noble Qualifications cannot at best advance thee to a degree beyond the *New Colledge*.